

# THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

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APRIL 25, 1920

## A Round-Trip May Basket.

BY DAISY D. STEPHENSON.

"O H, come and see, mother! They're all done and ready to fill." Marjorie Starr glowed with satisfaction, and stood away from the table to admire the dainty little May-baskets she had made. Most of them were of crêpe paper,—pink and green, like apple-blossom sprays, or white and green like hyacinths. Marjorie's deft fingers had frilled the edges prettily, and even fashioned wee rosebuds and butterflies that perched on the handles. The largest basket was entirely different. In company with the gay little baskets it looked sensible and sober,—as if it were made for use as well as beauty. It was round, and woven of

brown pine needles that Marjorie had gathered from the old Southern pines on the hill. There was a top that fitted on nicely, and had tiny cones in the top center.

"They're pretty as a flock of butterflies!" exclaimed Mrs. Starr admiringly. "Who gets the brownie basket?"

"Dr. Elwood," replied Marjorie, smiling over her mother's gasp of surprise. "He's so lonesome since his daughter went away to school. And he was so good to me when I was sick last winter. It can't be very jolly for him to go home to that big empty house and just that old house-keeper. He told me once jokingly that never in his life had he eaten as many popcorn balls as he wanted. So I'm going to make a lot of little sugary ones and

pack the brown basket. Then I'll slip over early May morning and leave it at his office door."

"You might label the balls, 'To be taken before or after meals, as the Doctor thinks best,'" laughed Mrs. Starr, entering into Marjorie's plan, as she always did. "And you want to fill the rest with candy for the girls and your teacher, so we'll make the fondant right away."

"And here's a little jingle to tuck in each basket," confided Marjorie:

"This message sweet  
To you would say,  
'Oh, gladly greet  
The merry May!'"

About the time Marjorie was exclaiming over a number of pretty baskets found at her own door, Dr. Elwood was inspecting the surprise package, and he was not long in guessing whose nimble finger-fairies had made the brown basket. He congratulated himself that he had remembered the night before to order a rose hyacinth as a little gift for his "Starr patient," as he called Marjorie. And wasn't he all smiles and twinkles when he unwrapped ball after ball of tempting sweetness, made especially for him! He grinned boyishly over Marjorie's directions, and after dumping his snowballs into his table drawer decided not to wait for meals but to take one before starting on his morning calls. As he munched away appreciatively he looked over his list. He looked thoughtful as he came to the last name on the list, that of Doris Kolby, a little girl who through an automobile accident would not run and romp with other children for weary months. As the wistful, pale face flashed into his memory, the Doctor's thoughtful pucker gave way to a pleased grin, and he caught up the brown basket, saying to himself: "This is entirely too nice to be selfish with. It should be passed along. I'll wager Doris won't even remember it's the first of May, poor little tyke! And she dotes on surprises so! Well, we'll see." And he hurried across the street to a little notion store. Any one seeing the Doctor fill that basket would have thought he was a springtime Santa Claus. He packed it with a kewpie doll, candy, paints, and some games that fitted in. On the tippy-top with the wee brown cones he fastened a bunch of sweet purple violets.

The little invalid was napping when he called, and that suited the Doctor perfectly, for he disliked to hand out a gift and then submit to being thanked. "I have to come out this way later, and I'll drop in again," he told Doris's mother as he hurried away. Doris was speechless with delight over her enchanted basket, and for many days she whiled away monotonous, pain-filled hours, enjoying the little things the kind Doctor had brought with his May greeting. But the little brown basket did not stop with Doris that bright May Day,—indeed, no!

"What a cunning little work basket it would make, mother," said Doris after



## Rain in the Garden.

BY BEULAH RECTOR.

LAST night the tinkling raindrops fell  
Upon the roof o'erhead;  
They sang to me a silver song  
When I was tucked in bed.

But oh, this morning while mamma  
Was brushing out my hair  
I looked beyond the window-pane  
Into the garden fair;

And there beneath the apple-tree,  
All limp and bent and stained,  
I saw my hat—'twas ruined quite  
From soaking in that rain!



emptying the little messenger. And I know somebody I'd love to give it to. You remember I told you about the sweet little girl who sat behind me in school? She was the only one I'd gotten acquainted with before—I was hurt. She's always making pretty things, and her work in sewing was so perfect, the teacher had her furnish the models for the class. I just wish I could send her this pretty basket. She was always sharing things with me at recess. Oh, and I know exactly what to put into it!" she cried, her brown eyes a-blaze with excitement. "You've been wondering what to do with the little yellow fellow"—

Her mother agreed it would be just the thing, so when Doris's brother came in she persuaded him to ride over on his wheel and leave the May-basket,—guess where! At Marjorie Starr's door! When Marjorie ran in from school, there was her own brownie basket to greet her, and it was cramful of yellow cuddly kitten!

"Just what I've been wanting!" cried Marjorie, feeling certain that some magic spell had been woven about her pine-needle basket. "How in the world did the Doctor know it? And where did he find this cunning, sunbeamy kitty?"

It was some time before Marjorie followed the trail of the brown basket to Doris's bedside, but when she did, the blossomy Maytime brought many happy hours to the little sick girl. And Marjorie looked forward to her visits with Doris as eagerly as her little friend awaited her coming.

"But wasn't it funny the way it all happened?" remarked Marjorie to her mother one day. "Just like magic."

"It was the magic of kindness working," rejoined her mother. "Loving thoughts are nearly always reflected in love, just as the daffodils on the water's edge seem to fill the water with golden blossoms. That May morning, the magic of kindness worked in a circle, so your basket came traveling back to you."

"Well," smiled Marjorie, picking up the playful yellow kitten, "I'll keep it till there's another message for it to carry. If it's going to be an enchanted basket, there'll be plenty of work for it to do."

### Her Friends.

BY H. O. SPELMAN.

I NEVER thought of it before,  
How many come to our front door;  
And every one gives us his best.  
I wish that each could be my guest.  
The postman calls just after nine  
And brings some letters, one is mine.  
The washerwoman comes at three,  
And two clean dresses are for me.  
The milkman calls at half-past three  
And brings the milk I drink at tea.  
Good Mrs. Westing came to call;  
She talked with me, although I'm small.  
My special friend Miss Nelly Gray  
Came in at two for three hours' play.  
I'll give a party with my mother  
And introduce them to each other.

Friend: "I suppose the baby is fond of you?" Papa: "Fond of me? Why, he sleeps all day when I'm not at home, and stays up all night just to enjoy my society."

### The "Sheltie" Stories.

BY EDNA S. KNAPP.

#### 1. AT THE PONY-FARM.

"HERE comes my Miss Reba with some more House-folks," whinnied my mother, Maudine, to her two children as we stood under the oak at the end of the green pasture. "Let's hurry up to see them." She scampered gaily to the bars, and I followed, but Tatters stopped to get another bite of grass.

"That biggest one is the mother," I heard Miss Reba explain to Mr. Wayne and his little boy and girl. "She will stay with the Simmons twins next door, but the others are for sale."

"Don't you want to keep 'em?" asked little Carl.

Miss Reba smiled. "Lady Bess is a dear and Tatters certainly is a cunning baby, but we have to go 'way out West with Mother because she is sick, and we couldn't take the Shelties very well."

"I see," said Carl.

"You will miss 'em," said Doris, patting me. She had a very gentle voice and I liked her right off.

"I will buy both colts," decided Mr. Wayne. "How soon can the children ride them?"

"By next spring Lady Bess can be broken to the saddle, but it will be another year before Tatters is big enough. We will bring the ponies over to-morrow, Mr. Wayne," promised Miss Reba.

### Getting Even with Walter.

BY AGNES HALLIDAY.

"SCARECROW! Scarecrow! Oh, before I'd run from a cow that was hatched! Oh, ho, ho!"

Jane's eyes snapped, and the prim yellow curls danced threateningly.

"You just keep still, Walter Briggs," she ordered, with a stamp of her foot. "You're the horrid old cousin that ever was. That's what you are!"

Walter laughed loud and long, then with a wild whoop and a spring ran off and clambered upon the load of lumber that had passed the schoolhouse just as the scholars were leaving.

"I don't care if he does run away before I get to the woods," thought Jane. "I'd rather go with me, my own self, and nobody else, than to go with such a horrid, horrid boy as Walter is. I guess he wouldn't think it very funny if he tore his new clothes on an old fence!" And the little girl looked sadly at the ugly rent in the dress that mother had finished only the day before.

Jane is a little country girl. That is why she felt ashamed to be afraid of cows; and Walter shouted so loud, she was sure Asa Cook must have heard in spite of the noise of the wheels. "It was bad enough to get my pretty dress all spoiled without being laughed at, and without having everybody know just what happened," pouted Jane. "He's just too mean and horrid for anything! That's what he is!"

She was still feeling cross when she came to the woods. "Aunt Mary told him to wait for me always," she said to herself, walking more and more slowly. "If he was a good boy, he would mind his

Then the House-folks went away after petting us for good-bye. Carl tried to stroke Tatters, but he kicked up his naughty heels and ran to the far end of our pasture.

"That little boy and girl are to be your Special Persons," Mother Maudine explained carefully to us colts.

"She is a nice little girl; I like her already," I said with approval.

"Why do we have to go away? I'd rather stay with my mother," pleaded wee Tatters.

"Ponies were made for little children to love and play with," mother told him. "You will have Bess, so you need not be lonely, and I am sure you will have a comfortable home."

"I know my little mistress will be kind," I broke in.

"How can you tell that we will be comfortable, mother?" whined Tatters, who felt cross.

"Because Mr. Wayne must be wealthy to buy two such thoroughbreds as you children are," answered Mother Maudine, proudly.

"Be good ponies," warned our mother, when the time came to part. "Take care of Tatters and do every single thing Miss Doris tells you to, Lady Bess. And you, Tatters, my son, obey your sister."

"Yes, mother," I said, putting my nose up close to hers. But Tatters only shook the hair out of his eyes and pretended that he hadn't heard a word.

mother. Some day, I'll be just as mean to him as I can. I don't know what I'll do, but I'll think, and think, and think."

She began at once to ponder what she, just a little girl, could do to get even with Walter, who was almost a year older. The little birds sang, but she did not hear them. A squirrel whisked across the road, but she did not see him.

Suddenly, in the midst of the wood she heard a sound that made her look up, startled. "Some one's hurt," Jane decided; and then she spied, crouched in the road only a little ahead, a boy whose hat and coat looked just like Walter's. The boy was barefoot, too.

Jane forgot all about the disgrace of the noon hour. She forgot all about the tear in her pretty dress. She even forgot her plan to be very mean to the cousin who had teased her. She ran as fast as she could, and laid a little hand on the boy's shoulder. "Oh, Walter, I'm so sorry!" she said.

Walter looked up at her. He was biting his lips to keep from crying.

"Did you fall off Asa Cook's lumber team?" asked Jane.

Walter nodded. He moved his ankle ever so little and winced with pain. "It must be broken," he sobbed.

Jane felt she must be brave for two. "Perhaps it's only hurt," she suggested cheerily. "We're almost to your house now. Walter, you can hop home. I'll help you."

A few minutes later, Mr. Briggs looked up from his work to see his son come hopping into the yard, leaning on the shoulder of a little girl in a torn dress. Walter was glad enough to sink down on a log. Then Mr. Briggs examined the sore ankle.



"It's badly sprained, I should say, but I guess we can doctor it up, all right," he remarked. Then he glanced down at Jane's flushed face, and smiled. "Well, well, little cousins come in pretty handy now and then, don't they, son?" he asked.

"Yes," Walter answered, and his face turned very red as he said it.

## May Day and its History.

OLD-TIME CUSTOMS THAT STILL PREVAIL IN ENGLAND.

BY ALLEN HENRY WRIGHT.

MARY CLEMENTINE had come running in, all excitement, and fairly bursting with a feeling of importance, but all the children were ready to share with her the pleasure that had come to her when it had been decided to have a May-pole at the Central playground with all the accompanying games and joyous pastimes that go with the old-fashioned celebration of May Day, and she had been selected as the Queen of the May.

"It has been a long time," said Uncle Jim, "since there has been much of a celebration of May Day here, although it is a common idea that people who want to change their residences often do it on the first of May. Just why that day is selected I do not know. In the European countries, where conditions have been so unsettled for years, many people fear to have the first of May come around on the calendar, because that date has been used so frequently for uprisings in connection with labor or other questions which never seem to be settled."

"Tell us something about the way May Day used to be celebrated, Uncle Jim," pleaded Helen Frances.

"Yes, do, please," chimed in the others.

"Very well, I'll try to tell you some facts which may interest you concerning the day," consented Uncle Jim. "Just where the celebration originated is a matter of dispute, in a way, among the various authorities. Some have claimed that it has come down from the days of the Roman Empire, and it was probably carried by the Romans to what we now know as the British Isles. You may remember in your reading, Jack, that there are still left in different parts of England the remains of old Roman walls and roads. I remember, too, when I was in London, viewing the remnants of one of the old walls built by the Romans, not far from the banks of the Thames River.

"Possibly it is in England that we still find the most general celebration of May Day, from a pleasurable standpoint. Some people have suggested that the celebration is a survival of the old-time ceremonies which marked the coming of spring and the passing of winter. We know it is not far from the Easter season, anyway, and some years Easter falls within four days of May Day.

"One prominent feature of the day has long been the May-pole, which is generally gaily decorated with flowers and ribbons, and around which the children, and sometimes their elders as well, dance as a part of the day's festivities. This frolic about the pole is sometimes known as 'May-poling.'

"It was on the village green, or in some

park, that the May Queen was crowned with garlands of flowers, and the girl who was chosen for this important position was the recipient of congratulations by all her friends, so you see Mary Clementine is entitled to feel quite proud of her selection this time.

"But the May Queen was not the only dignitary of the day in the celebrations, for there was also the May Lord, or Lord of the May, who was chosen to preside over the festivities and see that everything was carried out in good order. Sometimes he personified Robin Hood, the popular hero in the legends in England, who was known as a bold, chivalrous, and generous outlaw, who took from the rich some of their surplus wealth and distributed his gains among the poor, never keeping any for himself.

"If you visit England some of these days and go into Nottinghamshire, Derbyshire, and Yorkshire, you may still see the localities in and around Sherwood Forest, where Robin Hood and his men were said to make their headquarters.

"However, in these days, when ideas have changed so much from the old, we do not look for any Robin Hoods to come along the highways to surprise the passers-by. If old Robin still rode his fancy steeds, he would have a hard time keeping up with the fine automobiles that now pass by so swiftly over the paved highways.

"To-day we have sometimes and in some places the beautiful custom of making up little flower-baskets and taking them to the doors of our friends on May Day. Often the baskets are hung on the door-knobs or knockers, the bell is rung, and then the giver scurries away in the dusk, leaving the occupant of the house to discover the flowers and guess who could have left them. This custom, too, has come down from the one in England, where the children used to go out in groups to gather twigs and small branches of trees to which they fastened flowers, these being used to adorn the houses of the village about sunrise.

"There was what was known as a 'May-gad,' this being a willow rod from which the bark had been removed, and cowslips tied about it. It was used in some parts of the day's programme.

"Coming down to us from the old times are a number of rhymes connected with the May Day celebrations. One of these verses used in England runs like this:

"Upon the first of May  
With garlands fresh and gay,  
With mirth, and music sweet,  
For such a season meet,  
They pass their time away.

"Another verse, often sung by the children as they carried their flowers about the villages, went this way:

"Gentlemen and ladies,  
We wish you happy May;  
We come to show a garland  
Because it is May Day.

"I hope Mary Clementine will not be embarrassed by her youthful court when it comes to winding and unwinding the long streamers of ribbon that are fastened to the top of the May-pole. I have seen



THE MAY-POLE DANCE.

times when the children became confused as they tried to do this somewhat difficult work, but if the playground director drills them in their movements and in their little songs it will make a beautiful scene, I am sure," remarked Uncle Jim, as he finished his little talk about May Day and its customs.

## A Sympathetic Child.

BY MARY GOW WALSWORTH.

I SYMPATHIZE with all the things  
Around me that I see.

I s'pose they're good and happy,  
But I'd rather be like me.

I'm sorry for the trees and flowers,  
That grow but cannot walk,  
And for the gentle animals  
Because they cannot talk.

I'm rather sorry for the boys,—  
They never have a doll,  
Nor any pretty dresses,  
And no hair-ribbons at all.

I'm sorry for the grown-ups too,  
They have a quiet time,  
I think it would be awful,  
Not to romp and jump and climb.

I said all this to Grandfather;  
He laughed and pulled my curl,  
And said I was a very  
Sympathetic little girl.

## The Flatterer!

MARY ELLEN, "oop fro' the country," on her first visit to London got into an omnibus. Presently, says an English paper, the conductor came up to her and said affably, "Your fare, miss."

The girl blushed.

The conductor repeated, "Your fare, miss," and the girl blushed more deeply.

By this time the conductor began to look foolish. After a pause, he again repeated, "Miss, your fare."

"Well," said the girl, "they do say I'm good-looking at home, but I don't see why you want to say it out loud before all these folk."

Youth's Companion.

Think naught a trifle, though it small  
appear;

Small sands, the mountain, moments make  
the year,

And trifles, life.

EDWARD YOUNG.





## THE BEACON CLUB

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.



Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Beacon Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

MARBLEHEAD, MASS.  
52 PROSPECT STREET.

Dear Miss Buck,—We go to the Unitarian Sunday school. We have formed a club called the Beacon Lend a Hand Club. The Boston City Hospital will soon receive clothes that we are making.

Our club would very much like to belong to the Beacon Club and wear the pin.

Yours truly,  
MARGARET REYNOLDS, *Secretary*.  
EMMALINE MARTIN, *President*.  
MRS. SHAW, *Treasurer*.  
Elizabeth Martin, Emma Martin, Eleanor Homan, Mrs. Putnam, Ruth Putnam, Carolyn Putnam, Anna Goodwin, Hope Green, Caroline Laskey, Dorothy Copley, Myrtle Sweeney.

38 WENTWORTH AVENUE,  
LOWELL, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I am eight years old. I go to the All Souls Church. My teacher is Miss Howell. I like to go to Sunday school and get *The Beacon*.

Yours truly,  
OLIVER STEVENS, JR.

### An Interesting Bird-man.

BY WINIFRED ARNOLD.

YES, he's a very interesting man, even if he doesn't drive an airplane, as you guessed from the title. And he's probably done a good many things for your entertainment, too, though maybe you've never even heard his name.

Mr. Norman McClintock of Pittsburgh, Pa. Does that sound familiar?

No? And yet probably you have seen his beautiful pictures many times. For he is a noted ornithologist, or man who knows about birds, and he has taken a great many pictures for the "movies"—wonderful pictures of the birds in their own haunts, showing exactly how they live, and sometimes in the natural colors of their plumage, with the foliage and flowers around them in natural colors.

In one sense these pictures are "snapshots," for the subjects do not realize that they are being photographed, but from Mr. McClintock's point of view the operation is anything but "snap." His method is to go and pitch his tent near the nest of the bird that he wants to photograph, set up his movie camera, and then wait until he can get just the pictures that he wants. Sometimes this takes days of patient waiting through all sorts of weather, for the birds are easily frightened, and they have to get used to the tent, the man, and especially the movie camera itself.

The click of the camera shutter is especially disturbing to them—so Mr. McClintock has hit upon the happy device of keeping a metronome always ticking in his tent. Once the birds get used to that, the ticking sound of the camera has no terrors for them.

But, oh, if Mr. McClintock had ever

My Dear Miss Buck,—I have not seen a letter from Bluffton, so I thought I would write one. I do not belong to the Unitarian church or Sunday school, but a kind Mrs. Griffin sent papers and books to my grandmother who is an invalid. She found out my grandmother had two granddaughters and she sent us the little paper *The Beacon*, and I certainly do enjoy it and am sending it to lots of my friends.

I am rather sickly and had to stay at home from school. I am thirteen years old and in the eighth grade at school. We have a beautiful brick school-building and a half-moon driveway in front of it.

I am a Camp Fire Girl and like Camp Fire life fine. I am making money for the Camp Fire so we will have enough to go camping this summer. I am selling flower and vegetable seeds.

Your little friend,  
FLORENCE COLLINS.

9403 LAMONT AVENUE,  
CLEVELAND, OHIO.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the First Unitarian Church. Rev. Dilworth Lupton is our minister. Dr. Stephan is the superintendent. Mrs. Lees is my teacher. We are studying your book, "The Story of Jesus." We are getting along fine and find it very interesting.

I should like to be a member of the Beacon Club and wear the button.

Sincerely yours,  
HERBERT E. MACLEAN.

been a little girl who had to practice on the piano by a metronome I know he would find himself saying, "One-two-three-four-one-two-three-four," over and over, till his tongue and jaw were stiff and his throat parched and dry with the effort! Don't you?

### A Gentleman.

A LITTLE boy was asked one day The meaning of "a gentleman," And in his own delightful way He gave, as only children can, A definition of the word Which all the world might well have heard.

"A gentleman," he said, "loves all That God created, great or small; To helpless people help he gives, To beasts and everything that lives; A gentleman is kind, though he Has no one near to make him be."

*Life.*

### Church School News.

A KHASI HILLS meeting was held in the Unitarian Sunday school of Andover, N.H., on March 21st, in place of the regular session of the school. The story of the Unitarian movement in the Khasi Hills was told, some of their favorite hymns were sung, letters were read from Mr. Singh and members of their Sunday schools, and pictures of Mr. Singh's family and of a Unitarian Conference gathering in Khasi Hills were shown. The Andover school voted to send five dollars and two friends of the school gave fifteen dollars, so that a fund of twenty dollars will be forwarded from Andover to help on the good work of the Unitarian Sunday school in Khasi Hills.

## RECREATION CORNER.

### ENIGMA LXII.

I am composed of 11 letters.  
My 6, 7, 9, 4, is part of a plant.  
My 2, 1, is a boy's nickname.  
My 4, 9, 8, is a measure of weight.  
My 10, 11, is an exclamation.  
My 4, 3, 4, 7, 6, is a teacher.  
My 5, is the fifth letter of the alphabet.  
My *whole* is a book of the Bible.

NINA BARNES.

### ENIGMA LXIII.

I am composed of 11 letters.  
My 5, 2, is a pronoun.  
My 9, 6, is another pronoun.  
My 7, 8, 4, is a Scotch boy.  
My 1, 3, 2, 10, 7, 3, is weak.  
My 11, 8, 4, is gloomy.  
My *whole* is a command of Jesus to Peter.

E. A. C.

### ENIGMA LXIV.

I am composed of 12 letters.  
My 4, 5, 6, is a young boy.  
My 10, 7, 8, 9, is something we should do to each other.  
My 2, 3, 1, is a part of the body.  
My 9, 11, 7, is good to eat.  
My 12, 1, 7, is an animal.  
My *whole* is a large city in the United States.

MARIAN MANN.

### SHORTENED WORDS.

Behead and curtail the following:  
1. An adverb of time and get a woman mentioned in the first book of the Bible.  
2. An injury, and get Abraham's birthplace.  
3. Ink-spots and get a companion of Abraham.  
4. Ruler of Venice and get a giant mentioned in Deuteronomy.  
5. An article much used by carpenters and get a city destroyed by Joshua.

E. A. C.

### VEGETABLE TRANSFORMATIONS.

Change a letter in a vegetable, and find a large wild animal.  
Change a letter in a vegetable, and find a creature that is beloved.  
Change a letter in a vegetable, and find a string.  
Change a letter in a vegetable, and find an article of apparel.  
Change a letter in a vegetable, and find a term in music.  
Change a letter in a vegetable, and find a game.

*Youth's Companion.*

### A WORD PUZZLE.

From what word of six letters, meaning a time of year, can you make six words without transposing the letters?

SYBIL B. MESSER.

### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 28.

ENIGMA LIX.—It is easier to take things as they come than to part with them as they go.  
HIDDEN FISH.—1. Eels. 2. Cod. 3. Perch. 4. Dace. 5. Pout. 6. Trout. 7. Shad. 8. Haddock. 9. Pike. 10. Smelt.

BEHEADED WORDS.—Spray, pray, ray, ay, y.

## THE BEACON

REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR

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